THE COMMONWEAL

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WHO SHALL KEEP THE FAITH?

IT IS rarely, indeed, that we refer in these columns to someone who has turned from other religious beliefs and entered the Catholic Church. To begin with, such spiritual adventures are the individual's own business, and suffer from being exposed to publicity and comment. Then, too, the road is hard. You make it no easier for a man, suffering from a wrench of old ties, if you surround his every act with a kind of representative significance. Anonymity is at once the trial and the blessed privilege of Catholicism. But in noticing that the Reverend Selden P. Delany, formerly editor of the American Church Monthly and rector of the foremost Anglo-Catholic church in New York City, has decided to follow Rome and to prepare himself for the priesthood, one is merely adding a little to a discussion which has been fairly continuous and violent during recent weeks.

This is an unusually interesting spiritual pilgrimage. Reared as a Presbyterian, Dr. Delany became an Episcopalian and rose to leadership of the Anglo-Catholic group in this Church. From the beginning he was a seeker after religious authority, as may be seen in his writings. "The Catholic religion is a religion of authority," he said in an article written last year for The Commonweal. "That means not simply that the individual must be subject to the authority of the Church as expressed in her creeds and the pronouncements of her councils, but also obedient to fellow human beings vested with her authority and commissioned to speak in the name of God." Every term in this statement constitutes a problem baffling to those who do not accept the organic unity and catholicism of the Christian faith. And precisely because he could find no other solution, Dr. Delany came ultimately to agree with Newman, who declared: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

Necessarily this is fresh evidence concerning a state of affairs which is always perplexing to the Episcopal group. The Churchman says editorially that "to great numbers of people in the Episcopal Church it will seem that Dr. Delany has made an entirely logical decision." It applauds his "very real courage," and adds that "many other Anglo-Catholics would change their allegiance to that of Rome were it not for the personal affiliations involved, both in the present and in the

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future." That this comment is not wholly laudatory, however, follows from a public statement made by the Churchman's editor, Reverend Dr. Alexander C. Cummins, who criticized Dr. Delany's use of "Roman practices, ornaments and paraphernalia," accused him of "an extended period of disloyalty to the teachings of his church," and concluded that "his action will greatly relieve the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York of a nuisance, anomaly and embarrassment." It seems indubitable both that Dr. Cummins fears Anglo-Catholicism as he would the plague, and that the great body of Episcopalians stand with him.

But if Anglicanism—or Episcopalianism in this country—is to surrender all its old charm as a via media, what will become not merely of its tradition but particularly of those forces which have given it so much vitality during the past seventy-five years? The choice between Dr. Cadoux and Bishop Gore here expressed would seem to be of the most serious import. Granted that the use of "Roman paraphernalia" without attachment to the things of Rome is relatively curious, it is at least equally strange that the church of Butler and Keble should find content in adopting something like the spiritual outlook of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. From our point of view, of course, the mere fact that such progress as that of Dr. Delany is possible inside Protestantism is proof that the way toward the unification of Christendom is constantly open. "The Hill of Zion is a fair place," and so long as it is sought after and yearned for the development of a soul is logical and must ultimately lead to a larger social logic.

Hope that the Saviour's prayer may be fulfilled will not infrequently seem unjustified. Closely regarded, the majority of men appear too well contented with verities positivistically arrived at to bother greatly about the destiny of the race. Others are too deeply embedded in prejudices, inherited or acquired, to do any religious exploring beyond themselves. Nevertheless one feels that every form of Christian belief is essentially a protest against such inactive conceptions of the soul. In all creeds a germ of inquietude, of hunger for truth beyond our natural horizons, is accepted as the original impetus toward a long quest for the Lord our God. Here is the yeast which must transform the personality—the leaven which shall be kneaded with man's inner life and the objective world to make the noblest offering of the race. To us it is significant, indeed, that the large number of instances like Dr. Delany's concern men not reared in ignorance of faith, or in sophisticated acceptance of the visible earth, but in old churches dissident from Rome but nevertheless, in a measure, affiliated with Rome. We believe in the relative vitality of those churches. But we do not hold that this vitality can attain to complete fruition outside the Catholic fold.

However that may be, the course of conversion is as dramatic and appealing as ever. It reveals the ultimate testimony of the mystic—that change of himself, in response to a summons, through which he does all he can to change the world. We are not sure that those who seek out and find the vitality of the faith are commendable for wisdom or courage. Do they not happen to be, most of them, victims of a desire which is beyond and greater than themselves, men who succumb understandably to a force the positivist cannot sense? But we are awed by their defeat as we could not be impressed by any victory. Their bondage has a nobility more than that of powers and thrones. Over these facts the sceptic can only shake his head in wonderment.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Tariff Never Dies

USUALLY when Congress has passed a highly controversial bill and the President has signed it, press and public philosophically fold their hands and take a breathing spell. Nothing is so dead as an enacted measure a week after its enactment. The present American tariff is an exception. The measure was undoubtedly very unpopular; it passed the Senate and was signed with expressions of dissatisfaction even on the part of its proponents. Foreign nations have been protesting vigorously and talking about reprisals, although only Canada has acted. The Democrats are preparing their fall campaign on the strength of an economic depression whose continuance they hope to be able to blame on Grundyism. Meanwhile the administration has made up its mind to be thoroughly modern about it. We have been besieged for ten days now with a steady fire of the most approved high-pressure publicity. Mr. Hoover has made a hopeful pronouncement. Secretary Mellon has foretold wonders and signs. Senator Watson is beaming with steady optimism. But the stock market and the commodities markets are from Missouri. Each pronouncement has sent security prices down until they have now almost reached the November low level. This has got under the administration's skin. There must be a plot. Henry Ford, the New York World and the Scripps Howard papers, and wicked Wall Street have been made into strange bedfellows; their machinations must be investigated by Congress. But perhaps there is no plot. Perhaps, after fifteen years of publicity swallowing, the American people is beginning to grow wary of boosting pronouncements by interested persons. The utterances of the administration and business conditions will be worth watching in the light of each other for some time to come.

The Lobby Committee Rests

THE Caraway-Cannon-Tinkham-Walsh incident is closed and the net result of the whole business is that the bishop called Representative Tinkham's bluff, whereat the representative called the bishop's bluff. And the Christian Century has editorially disowned the bishop. Senator Caraway has likewise affirmed in the Senate what many people have long suspected—that the famous Mr. Jameson

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who financed the bishop in his campaign against Al Smith on religious grounds was merely a dummy for the Republican national organization. Why is it, people asked during the election, that Mr. Hoover and the Republican party have not condemned in no uncertain terms the infamous whispering campaign against his opponent? The answer, according to Senator Caraway, is that the Republican party was paying for that very campaign. It was playing at the old, old game of eating your cake and having it. For the first time in the history of the United States a major, reputable party in national affairs has made use of religion as a political weapon. The next step is to do it openly.

Mr. Sackett Talks

FROM 1907 to 1912 Frederic M. Sackett was president of both the Louisville Gas Company and the Louisville Lighting Company. Then he became interested in the coal industry, one intimately connected with electric power. During the war he was food administrator for Kentucky. Now he is Ambassador to Germany. He should know something about power. And as luck would have it, the world power conference has been in session in Berlin. What more natural than that the American Ambassador should deliver an address of welcome, and what more unforeseen than that his address should contain a real discussion of the power industry in terms which were very embarrassing to Mr. Samuel Insull? Mr. Insull got wind of it beforehand and tried to avert so unpleasant a contribution to an otherwise "constructive" conference, for what Mr. Sackett chose to say was that the power industry had some washing to hang out. "I know of no other manufacturing industry," he said, "where the sale price of the product is fifteen times the actual cost of production of the article sold." Mr. Insull tried to silence the Ambassador, but the Ambassador refused to be silenced, and every lover of courage has applauded his action. One thing is certain. The next time a world power conference is held abroad, it will be held where the American Ambassador is not a man qualified from long experience to make any unpleasant and embarrassing remarks about the industry.

Correcting the Tribune

SOME errors are negligible, others are sources of infection. On March 5 of this year the Chicago Tribune published a story to the effect that, in an address to the Roman clergy, the Holy Father had criticized the young people of the United States and had intimated that the laxity of their morals was setting Europe a bad example. It was an excellent subject for a typical Tribune editorial, and one promptly appeared (in the lingo favored by McCormick journalism) telling "Rome where to get off at." The echoes reverberated in many places—indeed we made a rather nice collection of them, now unfortunately mislaid. Cardinal Mundelein, however, set to work promptly getting at the truth of the matter, realizing as he did that the Pope would not have indulged in such an allusion at such a time. Now he has made public receipt of a letter from His Holiness denying that such a statement as the Tribune credited had been made, and expressing himself as deeply hurt that any such rumor could have got abroad. This letter was corroborated by the testimony of Monsignor Spellman, an American who happened to be present when the address in question was delivered. And so ends that tale, for the effective finis of which we are all deeply indebted to His Eminence. Doubtless the Holy Father could venture some helpful criticisms of American youngsters. Indeed he might find excellent material for such a critique in the Tribune itself. But how can it have occurred to anybody that a Pontiff who has fired broadsides at Mussolini and Moscow would descend to paltry innuendo when he has something to say about morals in the United States?

Mr. Morrow Smiles

WE HAVE entrusted to Mr. Charles Willis Thompson, veteran political writer, the task of commenting upon events in New Jersey. But if we may be pardoned an additional reference to the matter, it would seem appropriate to surmise that the tribe of Morrow is destined to increase. The campaign, which ended in so overwhelming a majority for the Ambassador to Mexico, was really settled on a wet-dry basis. Doubtless, however, not every candidate could have ridden to victory so gloriously. Even New Jersey drys might have bowled over a few thousand wet champions with little in their favor excepting honest thirst. But against Morrow they were helpless. His personality electrified the issue, won public applause for insight and courage, and virtually launched what may prove to be a very interesting political career. Those who oppose the Eighteenth Amendment may, therefore, deduce a moral from the event. It will not be necessary to build a large army of wets, foresworn to march fiercely upon the polls and decree the slaughter of Volsteadian ideals. All they have to do is to hunt out, in every part of the country, standard-bearers as effective as New Jersey's own. The result would be, of course, the incidental improvement of the national supply of solons.

Antarctic Imperialism

WHEN Rear Admiral Byrd sailed off to Antarctica nearly two years ago the objects of his expedition were described as purely scientific; a great many people wondered what academic knowledge there was to get in the frozen South which could prove worth nearly a million dollars. It was a romantic business; it appealed to men's love of adventure, but that was all. Later Admiral Byrd, on several occasions, made it clear that his party did not wish to make territorial claims in the extreme southern continent. He made this particularly clear in Australia. And for

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two years the American public has read avidly newspaper accounts of his doings. It naturally seemed queer to an American reader of the British press to be finding, last winter, daily articles headed, usually, The Expedition to the South Pole, and then to discover that these articles had nothing to do with Admiral Byrd. An American could easily be forgiven for supposing that Byrd was the only explorer in those regions during the last few months. But no. There was also the Australian, Sir Douglas Mawson, who has steadily had the same attention paid his activities in the British press as Byrd has had in the American. Finally the proverbial colored man is discovered in the Antarctic woodpile. "The outstanding achievements, to his mind [Byrd's]" says the New York Times, "were the claiming of new land and mountain ranges of more than 125,000 square miles for the United States and the discovery of carbonaceous material in the Queen Maud Mountains, including the probability of vast deposits of coal and possibly metals." There has already been an exchange between Washington and Downing Street on the subject. One ventures the guess that future history text-books will head their sections on the Byrd and Mawson expeditions with a boldface catchline something like this: "1928-30: The Partition of Antarctica. Its International Consequences."

THE most notable magazine offering of the month is a powerful and not very cheerful plea for the family, which appears in Harper's. Its author, Dr. Allport, professor of social and political psychology at Syracuse University, does not approach the problem from the viewpoint of established morality; his dismissal of trial and companionate marriage, for instance, while decisive, is not, as we should say, complete. But his observations of the psychological and social phenomena that have to do with family life are so sage and dispassionate that he must be counted the friend of established morality, even if not its participant. Wherever his conclusions are positive, they are Catholic. He considers three sets of facts: first, that the family—a group of complete, interacting entities whose common love is "enriched by a variety of mutual experiences, interests and points of view"—is the necessary matrix for the development of a healthy and integrated personality; second, that industrial and mechanical civilization is inevitably destroying this group; third, that the devices for replacing the family's vanishing functions—the play clubs, community centres, health organizations and so on—increase the difficulty in exact proportion to their own success. No one denies the second of these facts. But how deeply and helplessly our whole society is set against the first and third, it requires an analysis like Dr. Allport's to make clear to us.

Defending the Family

FOR—disregarding now those rootless beings who merely condemn the family as a clog and an anachronism—we all know that some compromise must be made with modern civilization. We are all committed, in our degree, to bolstering up this or that community substitute for what, in the old patriarchal, self-sufficient domestic unit, would have been a family activity. We must do this, in charity and common sense: the contrary is not even arguable. Yet the danger in doing it is fatally clear. Dr. Allport's typical city youth, snatched from one outside group to another often at cross-purposes with it, with "no one to help him organize these conflicting elements into a single workable pattern for his own life," is a haunting figure. We agree that "there is little wonder that he tends to grow up with no point of view at all, or else drifts into some form of egotistic and precocious dissipation." Is it possible to restore to him his birthright: life where "communion with whole individuals" will make him whole? Is it possible, that is, while promoting community causes and works of social service, to keep the moral centre of gravity still within the home? It is, we hope, possible, but it will be steadily harder, and will involve more than even a memory of Dr. Allport's fine words: "No artifice of the social scientist can replace this relationship. . . . It is only through one another as complete personalities . . . that we can attain to genuine self-expression." It will take all that we believe as Catholics about the sacredness of marriage, the divine symbolism of the family, and the oneness of virtue which can link these intimate truths to the larger needs of charity, in one organic whole.

IN REFUSING to believe that "the remarkable and striking increase of major crime throughout the country is at all directly due to prohibition," the New Freeman uses an argument that is amusingly off the point. "The bulk of crime now committed," runs the editorial, "strikes us as of the kind that is planned and carried out by men who are cold sober, for men who are not cold sober could not plan it competently or carry it out successfully. Indeed, it would not surprise us to learn that drinking had fallen off among high-grade criminals." It would not surprise us either, but we cannot see that it has much bearing on the case. Statisticians and sociologists who grow grave about the increase of law-breaking under Volsteadism have not asserted, so far as we know, that the racketeers and underworld Napoleons are developed by drink. They are developed by other people's desire to drink. It is not the bibulousness of "high-grade criminals" that motivate their raids on society, but the fact that there is money to be made. Bootlegging and highjacking on a large scale, the organization of gangs to carry it out, the bloody warfare on other gangs, the corruption of policemen and judges for "protection," all might be directed from thug headquarters in the coldest sobriety, and yet all indubitably are linked up with prohibition. They exist, in their present awesomely vicious proportions, to supply the market which

Crime and Prohibition

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the Eighteenth Amendment, considered as a concrete prohibition, has created; and they exist under the direct shelter of the indifference and legal amorality which the amendment, considered as a piece of bad political philosophy, has fostered.

Sandino Again

AUGUSTINO SANDINO is back in Nicaragua! Ever since early in 1929, when a force of American marines and bluejackets made his country far too hot for him, the "bandit" leader has been living in retirement in Merida, Yucatan, not far from the glorious monuments of his ancestors. One can imagine him there, safe from harm, yet terribly unhappy and eager to be back in the fight for a free Nicaragua, an ignoble coterie of interested followers egging him on. There are always a few such men in the world, men inspired by a peculiar, abstract love of freedom, which has little or no relation to justice or good sense, and which, if given free scope, would end by splitting the world up into little city states, each very proud of its liberties and each having as many chips on both of its shoulders as is physically possible. A disintegrating romantic conception of liberty and freedom is this, a conception with a deep human appeal. The rest of the world always has a soft spot for its Sandinos, its Michaeloffs, its Louis Riels, its John Browns, yet the rest of the world usually ends by having sorrowfully to hang them.

Protrait of Stalin

A VERY interesting, dramatic and complete portrait is drawn by Mr. Paul Scheffer in the current issue of Foreign Affairs. How this crafty "Russian of the Russians," whom Lenin characterized as "crude and narrow-minded," rose to the almost unparalleled position he now occupies, is something no occidental intelligence will probably ever be able to understand. Mr. Scheffer gives a fascinating account —by all odds the best we have seen—of the political intrigues which, beginning in the lifetime of Lenin, have ousted one after another of the Soviet leaders. Stalin alone remains—the Mount Everest, as he himself declares, of dictators. "The same factors which have operated in the past will, in the last resort, determine the future of Sovietism," Scheffer concludes. "Stalin's course is not yet run, nor is that of the Soviet State assured. The test will most probably come when Stalin disappears. It is not yet settled whether his policy of centralizing all decisions in a small group can be maintained. A year ago he was constrained, to put forward the complicated formula of 'centralized democracy' as exemplified in the Soviet Union. The fact is that the Union is ruled by a dictating minority which is dictated to by another minority to which a dictator dictates. These minorities are in constant change. Their only stable nucleus so far has been Stalin. The more exclusively he has become this, the greater the danger to the situation which his energy has created. For there has been a corresponding growth in the number of people whom Stalin has used and exalted, only to ostracize and deprive of their power at the first sign of independence or resistance. It may be that in the same proportion the number of people capable of assuming responsibility has decreased."

On With the Play

IT MAY be that the talkies have done all sorts of things to the legitimate drama, including the rape of its profits and the lowering of its tone. What no aggregation of movies on earth could affect is the educative value of the theatre for those who work in it with no more thought of profit than actuates the student generally. Indeed amateur theatricals, if properly managed, inculcate moral as well as literary virtues. We have just been privileged again to witness the annual prize play contest which makes the Dramatic Union of Our Lady of Lourdes parish, New York City, a veritable display of amiable rivalry. The skill of the players—all of them amateurs—the excellence of the dramatic fare and the good nature of the audience all combined to make one wish the example thus set could be widely followed. Naturally not every dramatic society can hope to rival this one, which has many rare and fortunate advantages. But even if the initial purposes were quite modest and achievement in harmony with them, the good results would still be memorable. Young people would be associated in a community which, having for its chief object nothing more serious than entertainment, could not help flowering culturally and spiritually.

That Irrepressible Ball

CURRENT observers of the nation's greatest sport have noticed the remarkable centrifugal characteristics of the baseball now in use. Indeed, most of them have probably ducked, or begun to think of patenting portable dugouts, under the barrage of homers. So eager is this leather-covered sphere to be uncribb'd and unconfined that it has doubled the average game score, fiercely assaulted umpires and doubled the bill for broken windows. A very tiny man can now provide himself with four bases by simply giving the ball a start. Whether or not all this is really to the advantage of the sport is a favorite topic of debate, even among those who never spend an afternoon watching Babe Ruth and his now numerous rivals. The thought suggests itself that similar enlivening in the various domains of our sportive and workaday endeavor would have interesting, if grotesque, effects. Think of a football which might be tossed gently from one end of the stadium to the other, or kicked clean over the last tier of seats. Or fancy dollar bills which rushed to the salesgirls even faster than they do now. For the moment it suffices, however, to observe that the one great venture to have followed in the wake of baseball is the market. Watching stocks dart, generally down, after the fashion of the last few weeks is to suspect that they may have been invented by some financial Spaulding.

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ON THE DOTTED LINE

MR. HOOVER, signing the new tariff bill in record-breaking time, had at least one point in his favor. He did the inevitable gracefully, and like a soldier going out to be shot at dawn shook hands all round. It is fairly easy to riddle the now famous statement, which tried to show first that the present schedules are no worse than their ancestors and second that, if they are worse, they can be revised under a patented flexible provision. As a matter of fact the President had no choice. Last summer congressional committees were sitting in their shirt sleeves listening to conflicting demands for new rates. Since then both houses have been listening to each other's speeches, probably a still more dire ordeal. Mr. Hoover, committed to farm relief without debentures and to a protective policy, was as surely destined for the ultimate bonfire as an old-fashioned Hindu housewife. To have escaped would have meant a quality of leadership over the Senate to which the present incumbent of the White House has never even so much as aspired.

Regarded in detail, the new tariff is too complex a measure to be confronted with ease. Meting out little doses of protection to a group of industries which succeeded in convincing Congress they were ill, it makes a particular effort to establish high prices for farm products inside the United States. We have already discussed this aspect of the matter at some length; and while the conclusion then arrived at—that rural scepticism regarding the benefits of the law is largely justified—remains with us, we do feel that agriculture, having gained this much, may succeed in going farther along on the road to securing government assistance. What effect this might eventually have upon American industry as a whole is, however, another matter. The mere fact that Washington has tried to use protection, a device traditionally intended for the benefit of the manufacturer, as an aid for agriculture establishes something like a mighty precedent.

It was no secret that corporate industry regarded what was happening with alarm. Manufacturers of automobiles in particular prayed hard that the labors of Messrs. Hawley and Smoot might come to naught. Big business has two kinds of pickets with whom Congress is relatively unfamiliar—salesmen and economists. Nor did it require a particularly canny salesman or a phenomenally learned economist to see that all was not well. The history of Mr. Ford's endeavors to sell automobiles in Europe, for instance, is a pretty good case in point. Everybody knows that making automobiles is one of the great enterprises of the age, which has absorbed hundreds of thousands of workers, stimulated basic forms of production and amassed huge profits. Why, then, allow Mr. Ford to sell cars in Europe simply because he can make them more cheaply, when Europeans are not permitted to sell over here what they can make economically? This question has been asked so often and so heatedly during recent weeks that you can label it serious without the least chance of being in error.

The economists, for their part, have talked so lucidly that it is strange Congress remains the only place where they have apparently not been heard. Their big argument is an old law which seems considerably more dependable than any legislation introduced by Professor Einstein. When a nation owes another money, it must (unless it wishes to get hopelessly in debt) sell more to the creditor than it buys from the creditor. This is truer than ever under existing conditions, when the United States is arrayed against the world as the greatest known source of credit. Chase the figures around the world as much as you like, eventually one of two things must happen: either America must spend a little more than its interest payments for the debtor's labor, or the debtor will go into bankruptcy. To date the loans have been stabilized under another method—the method of taking out another mortgage so that the interest on prior liens could be met. It should be obvious that this procedure has the customary virtues of perpetual motion. What is bound to happen is something like this: higher tariff rates will curtail imports, but it will also reduce exports. On paper, at least, it seems fairly simple to assert that if the country cuts down its purchases abroad to $3,000,000,000, it is automatically resigning itself to selling less than $3,000,000,000 worth abroad. And nobody—least of all labor, it seems to us—wants to see this last event occur.

It is proverbially difficult to single out from among the factors likely to control the future those few which are sure to prove operative. Nevertheless it is obvious that a considerable portion of recent American affluence derives from the catastrophe of the war. Awareness of this fact in other countries has fostered enmity and bitter jealousy, but it has never led any intelligent European to attribute to the United States responsibility for the event. Everybody knows that the fault—if such cataclysms are anybody's fault in particular—lies with those who suffered. But every abuse of its position by the United States would now constitute just cause for complaint and would probably be avenged in the name of economic laws themselves. Some such thoughts are certainly behind many of the innumerable protests which have been drawn up in opposition to the new tariff. This law, very like the prohibition legislation in one respect, is evidence that Congress legislates without being sure that it is responsive to public desire. It may be that a referendum on the present schedules, if it could be taken, would not show either a preponderance of feeling against them or, indeed, any marked feeling one way or another. One is relatively sure, however, that if the works of Congress during the last few months abide very long, the clamor against them will rise even higher than the tide of sentiment hostile to the Eighteenth Amendment. Meanwhile the industrial and financial outlook is obviously not brighter by reason of an added shot of protection.

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WHAT NEW JERSEY MEANS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

From the very day it started, Mr. Morrow's race for the lead in the New Jersey primaries attracted nation-wide attention. While everybody knows the state is wet, no one was sure whether Republican drys could or could not block so outright a demand for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment as Mr. Morrow ventured to express. The result is now clear. There is much else of political interest in New Jersey, however; and the following paper, written after careful study of the scene, is an effort to provide as complete a panorama as possible. New Jersey, says the author, is "courageous and honest."—The Editors.

THE monumental victory of Dwight W. Morrow at the New Jersey Republican primaries is everywhere commented on as a heartening proof that it pays a man to be courageous and speak his mind on the prohibition question; that pussy-footing and dodging have had their day as vote-getters. That, of course, is true, but there is something more. Dwight Morrow was courageous, but so were the New Jersey Republicans. They resolved, by a majority whose size makes it impossible to argue about its meaning, that they would no longer drink wet and vote dry.

If this statement seems to be bromidical, it will seem so only to those who do not know the state of New Jersey. It is one of the wet states, but straddling the issue has been a popular attitude there both among politicians and plain people; there are, as there are everywhere, large areas where the voters not only drink but manufacture liquor and yet rigidly vote dry. This year, for the first time, the voters in those areas—areas which can be limited and traced on the map and are perfectly well known—decided to vote wet. They did it with their eyes open; there was no confusing of the issue, though ex-Senator Frelinghuysen worked like a horse to draw red herrings across the trail; and it was in the Republican, not the Democratic, primaries, that they made that decision.

The driest of the dry sections, politically, is south Jersey, and it was there that Representative Fort counted chiefly on piling up such a majority that he could wipe out Morrow's lead in the north and east. It is a farming region, where the farmers make apple-jack—and sell it to bootleggers, or many of them do—and yet vote piously for the Anti-saloon League. Fort's confidence seemed justified. Even Morrow's backers, while hoping that Senator Baird could hold the voters in line pretty well, were shaky about south Jersey until the last gun was fired. But this year the farmers of south Jersey maturely decided, on a plain and clear-cut issue, to make an end of political hypocrisy. Morrow swept south Jersey as he swept every nook and corner in the whole state.

To outsiders, and in a degree to Jerseymen themselves, New Jersey is politically a baffling state. There is no state quite like it. It is, as one Jerseyman said to me just before the primaries, "a patchwork state." It is crisscrossed not only by diverse interests but by diverse habits of thought. In most sections your neighbor does not speak the same political language that you do; when you talk with him your mind and his are alien to each other. Outside New Jersey, no political expert understands New Jersey; inside New Jersey no Jerseyman is absolutely sure he is right about the next county. "New York politics are the devil's own politics," said John Adams a century and a quarter ago, giving it up as a bad job; but New York is simplicity itself compared to New Jersey.

It has two great commuting populations, but they too are alien to each other; for one commutes from New York and the other from Philadelphia. It has great industrial centres; but you can't cross off the industrial centres as being of the same mental mold, for men of agricultural heritage and breeding live in them in great numbers, cheek by jowl with the workingmen and thinking different thoughts. There are twenty-one counties in the state, and there may be half of them that are preponderantly agricultural. They are mainly Republican, and therefore, to the mind of the calculating politician, probably dry. But they went for Morrow.

Of course the drys accounted for their debacle on the generous assumption that their voters forsook them on account of Morrow's personality and mental stature. Heretofore drys haven't done that sort of thing anywhere; they have asked themselves only one question, "Is this candidate dry or wet?" and voted accordingly. But give the drys the benefit of that tenuous argument, and assume that the Jersey voters are supermen who can rise above the one great issue and coolly decide in favor of a candidate by weighing his brain. Suppose, to be ludicrously magnanimous, that 200,000 of Morrow's majority was made up of these supermen who don't exist in any other state; and still he swept the state, swept it overwhelmingly.

Four days before the primaries one of the shrewdest of political observers, George Van Slyke of the New York Sun, reported the claim of Morrow's Essex County managers, which was that he would carry that county by 10,000, and added: "If the Ambassador gets it by even 2,500 he will be performing a great political feat." Well, the returns as I write this—of course they will be somewhat changed by the time this issue is printed—show that Morrow got 77,263 votes and Fort 22,602, Frelinghuysen trailing as elsewhere. Essex County means, principally, Newark. That result astounded all Newark. Nobody was more astounded than the Newark boss, Jesse R. Salmon, who was undertaking to deliver Essex to Frelinghuy-

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sen. Salmon had no illusions, being a shrewd man; he rather expected to lose, but even the Morrow leaders did not count on over 10,000 plurality, and Salmon thought that was too high. Those pre-primary figures show again what I said at the outset, that not even Jerseymen can count on Jersey politics.

Another proof of it is Fort, whose comment, "Obviously the Literary Digest poll was right," shows how his mind was working. A Jerseyman of long political experience, he discounted that poll and thought the Protestant churches and the Anti-saloon League could put him over, with the usual aid of the people who drink wet and vote dry. Frelinghuysen, not only a politician of long experience but born that way—he is the third Frelinghuysen to have sat in the United States Senate: the first ran for Vice-president with Henry Clay and the second became Arthur's Secretary of State—was also fooled about his state. Frelinghuysen has been on both sides of the fence; in the Senate he voted for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law, and this year he calculated on winning by being wet, but less wet than Morrow, and so catching the great mass of voters who prefer the middle of the road.

Fort himself, though not so obvious as Frelinghuysen, was an angler. Outside that mysterious state nobody could understand why he, a dry, should have advocated home-brew in Congress; why he should have subsequently explained on the stump that he meant non-intoxicating home-brew; why he should have jumped into the race as late as May 16, when it was all set between Morrow and Frelinghuysen. Everybody, including Fort himself, expected him to run for reëlection to the House. Impartial political Jersey observers told me that while Fort's district is dry, there are two or three sections in it where the Italians are strong and might have made trouble, especially as Daniel F. Minahan, Democrat, has been elected twice to Congress and is still strong. The Italians' only interest is that they make their own wine. Hence, say my informants, that speech for "non-intoxicating" home-brew was made to sweeten the Italians without losing the drys. Morrow's defiant and uncompromising wetness showed him a quick opening to his ultimate goal, the senatorship, and as Frelinghuysen was a middle-of-the-road wet, and would presumably divide the wet vote with Morrow, a third candidate who got all the dry vote might win through the division; and he jumped in.

The Anti-saloon League did herculean work for Fort, and descended so far as to beg the dry Democrats to go into the Republican primaries and beat Morrow. This is the last chance they would have to do any such thing, for the Legislature, at its last session, prohibited voters from voting in the opposition primaries by providing that if you voted Republican or Democratic, two years must elapse before you could vote the other way. But that law was not to take effect until after this last primary. So Superintendent Shields of the Anti-saloon League was using the "one-day Republicans," as Jerseymen call such voters, as a last chance.

There was every likelihood that not only dry Democrats but wet Democrats would follow Shields's advice, for this reason. If Fort had won, the Democrats, with a wet candidate, would have had a good chance in November, for New Jersey has never yet elected a dry senator or governor. The local Democratic bosses might naturally wish to see the Republicans nominate a beatable candidate; and if they were wet, that need not have hindered them from voting for Fort, since Alexander C. Simpson, the Democratic candidate, is wringing wet, and Fort would be a good man for him to beat. At this writing there is no indication that they swallowed the Anti-saloon bait, and there are even rumors that in the Democratic stronghold, Hudson County, the Democratic leaders told their followers to keep out of the Republican primaries.

New Jersey is wet, but its wetness is not of the objectionable kind to be found in other wet centres like New York City and Chicago. It might be called "respectably" wet. It is not, for instance, gang-ridden. If there is any police grafting from speakeasies, I have not found any informed Jerseyman who knows of it. In such industrial centres as Newark, the police keep their hands off unless the speakeasies are also dens of vice, and the federal agents raid not speakeasies but stills and breweries. The police attitude toward speakeasies in such cities is, "This is a workingman's town and the workingman needs his beer, and as long as he behaves himself he is safe from us." Neither does one see policemen in uniform at speakeasy bars, as one does in New York and Chicago.

There have been gang killings in northern New Jersey; they seem to date from the murder of Frankie Dunn in Hoboken. He tried to retire as a gangster, and the supposition is that the "mobs" who had been feeding on him didn't want him to and were angry when he persisted. But the gang outbreaks in New Jersey are not Jersey products; they lap over from New York. The New York gangs, of course, have their interest in a territory so near. It is true, according to all inside information, that there are beer monarchs in New Jersey, dividing the territory; that, for instance, Paterson won't tolerate beer brought from Newark, and that no outsider dares to bring beer into Atlantic City without invitation. When the local beer satraps run short, they will invite the New York and Philadelphia gangs to lend a hand and help out, but not otherwise. But all this is a long way from the rod rule of the Colosimos, O'Bannions and Al Capones.

The wet Jerseyman differs from that, alas, too numerous brand of wet which is wet because it wants lawful liquor and for that reason only. He is peaceable and not noisy, but red-hot for his own convictions to an extent probably unmatched in any other state. That's why we have today the courageous Morrow, and, what is more important, the courageous and honest state in which he won his victory over pussy-footing.

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Places and Persons

SENHOR PRESTES OF BRAZIL

By XAVIER DE MATTOS

THE first of March saw the outcome of one of Brazil's most stirring presidential campaigns in the forty years of her Republican régime. The press informed us that the chosen candidate of the nation was Senhor Julio Prestes who carried seventeen out of the twenty states which form the United States of Brazil. This vast majority might give the false impression that there was hardly any opposition; the fact is that there was opposition and plenty of it; but it was opposition of such a nature that its own excesses lost the sympathies of the nation and precluded what was otherwise an even chance of victory.

Two incidents in the campaign contributed especially to the overwhelming victory of the conservative Republican party. One was the killing of a Republican representative by a liberal Democrat after an embittered discussion in the Federal Chamber, last December; more recently still, the attempt against the life of Vice-president Mello Vianna when on a touring campaign through his own state of Minas. These two incidents of hot-headed passion and individual fanaticism met with nation-wide disapproval and won for the conservative party heavy landslides. These tragico-dramatic incidents of the campaign are, however, far from explaining everything it implies.

Brazil has but lately entered into one of those crucial periods observable in the history of every nation, when it undergoes the process of great changes in its inner structure and function. Fortunately it is not a crisis of despair but rather one of great hopes. It is not decadence that has caused it, but a fresh impetus of vitality that is forcing itself into the old social frame and narrow molds inherited from the fallen empire of Pedro II. Brazil has grown very rapidly, too rapidly indeed, almost beyond its own capacity for immediate readjustment. To this growth European immigration has, to a very large extent, contributed. Starting at the time when Brazil was seriously contemplating the wholesale abolition of her slave labor, which in fact materialized in 1888, it served as an opportune means of averting the financial havoc following the abolition. Meanwhile, however, it was creating a racial problem that had not hitherto existed. The world war once over, the steady flow of immigrants tended to surpass all previous records; in the last eight years this was aggravated by the restrictive immigration laws of the United States of America, which diverted the current of immigration to the two leading nations of South America, namely, Argentina and Brazil. This explains why Brazil, which in 1900 had a population of 18,000,000, has at the present day a little over 40,000,000.

Such rapid growth created an imperious demand and opportunity for the investment of foreign capital; this, as is well known, was freely supplied by the United States and Great Britain. Nevertheless, the exploitation of Brazil's vast natural resources cannot, within the span of a short decade, cover the financial burden it created and become a source of national revenue and prosperity. The native industries are still in the formation stage and not only cannot compete in foreign markets but have to fight hard to hold the home market against foreign competition. The federal government was forced to inaugurate a policy of protective tariff.

Up to the present, then, Brazil has depended entirely for her revenues on her agricultural exports. But here again unavoidable circumstances have restrained the expansion of Brazilian trade. With the turmoil of the world war and subsequent financial crises of the belligerent nations, Brazil lost the best of her European markets for her chief products, and even now, after over a decade, she has not been able to recover entirely her former position in those markets; as a compensation, however, the rich market of the United States of America has lately offered greater opportunities for her products.

Brazil's farm problem shifted from one extreme to the other, from lack of production to over-production. Again the federal government was forced to intervene, placing definite restrictions on the agricultural exports; it thus secured a steady level of trade and while sufficiently supplying the demand of foreign markets it prevented the cheapening of national products. This protective policy together with a thorough reorganization of the nation's financial and fiscal systems, undertaken by the retiring administration under the firm hand of President Washington Louis, has strongly checked the chronic fluctuation of Brazilian trade and the no less chronic depreciation of the national coinage.

The vital issue then entailed in the election was to secure the steadfast continuation of the constructive policy of economic amelioration and stabilization. To this the victorious candidate had solemnly pledged himself in his platform of December 17. As governor of the state of São Paulo, which is the state most vitally concerned in this affair, he had been from the beginning closely identified with this financial reform, which could not have been carried through without his support.

Along with this financial problem, another issue lent special tension to this campaign; it was the political situation in itself. To understand it in all its implications one must go back to the origins of the Brazilian republic. The aged Emperor Pedro II had been deposed and the country declared a republic by the "revolution" of November 15, 1889, if we may so call a

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pacific march of the troops through the streets of imperial Rio on a sunny tropical morning. The events surpassed the most optimistic hopes of the pacific revolutionists who, in order to face a probable reaction of the Monarchical party, had united in a single Republican party all the elements of the Liberal, Abolitionist and Republican party proper that had occupied the political arena during the declining years of the empire. These fears were unfounded, for by a chain of apparently insignificant mistakes, the empire had alienated the support of even the conservative classes—the clergy, the nobility and the slaveholding and landed proprietors. A middle class was non-existent. Thus when Pedro was deposed the whole imperial machinery fell without either sympathy or protest.

Though it was now obvious that their fears had been unfounded, yet the coalition of the parties was preserved and the Republican party now had for itself the whole country without fear of competition. The thirty-three years of exclusive Republican administration that followed proved almost fatal to the welfare of the nation; with a few honorable exceptions, politics gradually sank into administrative neglect and dishonest gain. Deficit followed deficit; foreign loans were not applied to their specific purposes. The successive administrations were left to act freely, without organized check or competition, before a nation civically uneducated and politically unconcerned. But with the apprehensions of the world war and the stirring of national patriotism by Brazil's declaration of war against Germany on October 26, 1917, there came a civic consciousness and political concern which spread throughout the entire nation. Politics ceased to be the esoteric malabarism of a restricted group of professional politicians that it had been up to that time. The people began to exercise their democratic rights and to insist on the inviolability of the same. The Republican party, however, seemed to pay little heed to their revindications; discontent soon created agitation and at last the popular feeling culminated in the revolution of July, 1924, which originated in the state of São Paulo. The revolution was finally overcome, but the government's victory was only a material one; morally the cause of the revolutionists had triumphed.

Early in 1925, as soon as the state of siege was withdrawn, a Democratic party was organized in São Paulo and this party soon enlisted millions of adherents in every state of the federation. This time the Republican party was forced to adapt itself to the new situation and to acknowledge the legal standing of its new powerful competitor in the political arena. It proceeded to an inner reorganization of its own machinery and undertook more honest and enlightened policies. In the same year new amendments were inserted in the original Republican constitution of February 24, 1891; a new body of social and fiscal legislation was promulgated; a more adequate electoral mechanism was provided; the construction of schools, railways and highways was greatly intensified. But the democratic reactionaries were not satisfied and their claims were going beyond reasonable terms, falling into the extremes of liberalism. New parties of extreme political views were formed. The whole nation has been in the last decade in a frenzy of reform with the risk of going too far in repudiating not only what is bad in the national traditions but also what is good. A countercheck was needed to preserve the nation from losing her own identifications with her past, while fostering her necessary readjustment to the conditions that are shaping anew the life of the country. A counter-reaction was recently formed limiting the freedom of the press and outlawing any party or organization of radical tendencies that might aggravate the present situation of the country. The President-elect embodies these aspirations of the counter-reaction, while the defeated candidate stood for the abrogation of what his party termed "repressive laws."

There remains the investigation of the religious aspect of the situation. Fortunately there was no specifically religious issue in this campaign. We do not say that there is no religious problem in Brazil. There is a great religious problem, but it refers to society and not to the political situation as such. In this connection it would be well to point out that since 1875 the clergy, as a class, has withdrawn itself from the political arena; and this during the declining years of the empire, when the Catholic religion was the official religion of the state. Since then the Catholic Church has kept aloof from political considerations. The revolutionary government that overthrew the empire effected the complete separation of Church and state while maintaining an ambassador at the Vatican.

The National Plenary Council of the Brazilian hierarchy in 1890 welcomed and applauded the new government, declaring itself satisfied with the religious freedom which it did not enjoy under the oppressive protection of the empire. Since then, relations between Church and state in Brazil have kept a perfect level of cordiality and mutual prestige. In this regard the words of President-elect Julio Prestes in his platform of December 17, are characteristic and true:

> The Catholic Church, separated from the state [since 1889] recovered its spiritual independence and attained the full scope of its development, becoming today most imposing by its strength and splendid achievements. The religious peace which we have long enjoyed is fully warranted by our constitution. I am a Catholic by family tradition, by education and by conviction; but this will not prevent me from respecting other creeds, and I pledge myself to maintain intact the guarantees of our constitution [which guarantees freedom of conscience and worship].

There is, nevertheless, a religious problem intimately connected with the social conditions actually present in Brazil; the Church cannot refrain from working actively to ward off the radical dangers that lurk in the present social unrest. And thus far it lends its full support to the present régime which is seeking to solve the problem by more Christian and less radical means.

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A GLANCE AT SOVIET RUSSIA

By JOHN CARTER

THE great enigma of the modern economic world is Soviet Russia—a varied, energetic population of 140,000,000 inhabiting the greatest single land area in the world, bridging Europe and Asia in an administrative union which stretches from the Pacific to the Baltic, from the White to the Black Seas. This mass was cut away from world economy in 1914. It has never returned. Defeat in war, foreign invasion and intervention, blockade, revolution and counter-revolution, huge losses in territory, left Soviet Russia economically prostrated in 1918. At that moment, the reins of Russian government were seized by the Communists, whose repudiation of foreign debts and confiscation of private property, burned the bridges which linked the Russia of the Czars with the rest of the world.

For a decade the rest of the world sat back and waited for the inevitable collapse. Famine, party dissensions, proscriptions, revolts came and went, and still the collapse failed to materialize. War Communism yielded to the nationalization of industry, pure Communism yielded to Lenin's new economic policy, Stalin resumed the drive for collectivization, slacked it, swung back towards a milder policy. Still there was no collapse. The world said, "It can't possibly work." The world said, "It's contrary to economic law." The world said, "It runs counter to human nature." And still there was no collapse.

On the contrary, strange and gigantic economic forms began to materialize in the land of the red revolution. Henry Ford, next to Lenin, became the hero of the new Russia. Enormous trusts began to take charge of every major phase of Russian economy. Germany and England, France and Italy, established diplomatic and trade relations with the red colossus. Schemes of construction, schemes of coördination, schemes of production were devised, applied, modified, revised, applied again, and the world began to catch a glimpse of a country which organized its economic life on a national basis and which conducted its foreign trade as would any other big business, unified purchasing, official sales agencies: everything, from mine and forest and farm to warehouse, factory, train and ship, under unified direction. A five-year plan of electrification was launched by Lenin. It succeeded. Then came a five-year plan of industrial reconstruction, now under way, still successfully. A fifteen-year plan is around the corner. Something very big and quite important was happening in Russia. Economists began to study tables of figures and percentages and indices. Statesmen began to count noses. Industrialists began to write new tariffs. Was Communism going to succeed?

Nobody knows the answer to this question. Nobody can say whether the new Russian economy is a success or a failure, not even the staunchest of conservatives or the most fiery of radicals. All that is known is that it hasn't failed yet. Can materialism, coupled with administrative abnegation, organized on American lines of production and on the Stinnes type of "trustification," succeed in evolving an economic system based on Communism? If it succeeds, what will be the answer of our industrial democracies to this monstrous economic organization? If it fails, what effect will that failure have on our way of living? What is Russia, anyhow, and what are the Russians doing?

Russia is a big country and it contains more people than the United States. It grows, among other things, over half of the world's rye, a fifth of the world's oats, a quarter of the world's potatoes, a sixth of the world's beet sugar, and nearly three-fifths of the world's flax and hemp. It produces large quantities of petroleum, gold, and platinum. Its coal reserves are half as great as those of Europe, its iron ore reserves twice as great as those of Asia, its petroleum reserves as great as those of the United States, and greater than those of Europe and the Far East combined. Its foreign trade amounts to the quite respectable figure of $1,000,000,000 a year. It is a growing country.

This is a change from its prewar position. Then Russia was Europe's economic hinterland, a source of raw materials, including grain, for the continent and a market for continental manufactures. Such Russian industry as existed was either dependent upon or hopelessly inferior to European industry. Russia was dependent on Europe for capital, for technical assistance and for a market. Russia had a comparatively small trained working-class; the bulk of her people were peasants; Russia was a happy hunting-ground for European concessionaires and entrepreneurs, and England and Germany, between them, dominated Russian trade.

The picture has changed. Russia has been cut off from foreign capital for sixteen years, has got along without it and is now engaged in a ghastly effort to manufacture her own capital out of the labors and privations of her people. Russia is still dependent on the outside word for technical assistance, but is procuring it in the United States to an unappreciated degree. About five hundred American experts are assisting Russian industry on the spot; an equal number of Russian engineers and technicians are studying American industrial methods in this country. Over forty American business concerns are engaged in technical assistance contracts with Soviet industry. Among them are such names as Dupont de Nemours and Company, Ford Motor Company, International General Electric Company, Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Com-

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pany, Radio Corporation of America, and J. G. White Construction Company. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the army engineer who constructed the Muscle Shoals hydro-electric plant, is building an even larger plant on the Dnieper. Every type of enterprise from rubber reclaiming to nitrogen fixation, from irrigation work to textile plants, is represented in this private work of "Americanization" in Russia.

For the Russians are beginning to lift themselves by their economic boot-straps. The strain is terrific and so far they have succeeded in getting only one foot off the ground. Confirmed economic gravitationists claim that the other foot will not budge, but as they study the Five-Year Plan which is now in operation, they are not so sure.

The five years embodied in this plan are those from 1928-29 to 1932-33. To begin with, it may be stated that the first year was a success, that the first quarter of the second year was a disappointment and that the second quarter of the second year was a fairly definite success. This at a time when the rest of the world was going through a profound economic depression. On the other hand, what would be accounted a success in Russia would be regarded as definite misery in the United States. Quantities of production have been attained, but quality still leaves much to seek.

However, the Five-year Plan is a good idea. It sets for Russian industry a series of definite, concrete year-by-year objectives, so many yards of cotton cloth, so many tons of pig iron, so many miles of railway, so many bushels of wheat, bales of cotton, pounds of sugar, kilowatt hours, tractors and industrial machinery. It is the only completely coördinated and integrated scheme of national economy in the world today. Private enterprise and initiative is eliminated, wasteful competition and profit holds no place in the scheme. There may be inefficiency and graft, but that was also true of czarist Russia and is not altogether false of the United States. The element of planning, of foresight, of coördination and unification and simplification is too valuable to be wasted on Russia. In the economic world nothing succeeds like success and a good idea leaps boundaries overnight. The President's Business Committee, the British Economic Council with its corollary financial dictatorship for rationalizing British industry, the French system of allocating German reparations in kind, the Australian tariff which aims to establish rigid national control of the foreign exchange situation, all these bear strange similarities to the scheme elaborated by the impractical doctrinaires of Moscow who have succeeded in working the unworkable during a ten-year period of economic heresy.

The industrialization of Russia is the essential factor in this program. The year 1929 showed substantial increases in the production of freight-cars, boilers, Diesel engines, steam-turbines, mining equipment, chemical machinery, automobiles, tractors, bicycles and sewing-machines. Russia's traditional exports of lumber, oil, flax, grain, dairy products, fur, platinum and such are again on the world market. Russia has more than tripled her prewar export of petroleum. Her cotton cloth is competing in Turkey, Persia and the Middle East. The completion of the Turksib railway links Siberia to Russian Turkestan, promises to increase Russian cotton production and opens up new markets in Chinese Turkestan. Russian trading agencies are being established in northern China. Russian matches have been competing with the Swedish product in eastern Europe. Russian wood-pulp and anthracite have been competing in the American market. The year 1928-29 showed huge gains in Russian exports of lumber and oil products, asbestos and other basic minerals. China and porcelain, glassware, rubber overshoes, cotton goods, linen and hemp goods, metal articles, rags and matches, all showed a gain in quantity and value in 1928-29. Russia's exports are increasingly industrial in character. The plan contemplates an apportionment of exports in 1932-33, excluding grain, of 63.1 percent industrial exports. Where less than $200,000,000 worth of industrial goods were exported in 1927-28, by 1932-33 Russia plans to export $500,000,000 worth. This means competition.

In the meantime, Russian-American trade is a steady factor in our economic life. In 1928-29, it amounted to about $90,000,000. Since then it has been growing rapidly. In 1927-28 alone, the Amtorg placed orders for $90,000,000 in the United States, of which over $50,000,000 was for cotton and over $8,000,000 for tractors. While our trade with the rest of the world has been declining, in consequence of the economic depression, Russia has become our sixth best market. In the first two months of 1930, our sales to Russia were exceeded only by our sales to Great Britain, France, Germany, Canada and Japan. Despite the absence of diplomatic relations and the occasional economic and social qualms we feel at Russian social and moral inadequacies, this trade has been satisfactory and profitable to both parties. It remains to be seen whether Commissioner Whalen's charges that the Amtorg is engaged in communist propaganda will have the effect of killing this trade and throwing it into the hands of England, much as the London police raid on Arcos, Limited—the Soviet trading agency in London—threw Russian trade with Great Britain into American pockets.

If it does, it will have demonstrated the Soviet ability to play off one industrial democracy against another and to take advantage of occidental competition to promote and to protect Russian Soviet interests. For it is obvious that the "encirclement" of Russia has failed. Neither politically nor economically will the western nations act as a unit against Russian economy. For industrial competition, under these terms, Russia will find herself admirably equipped. If her Five-year Plan succeeds—and it is the part of intelligent statesmanship to assume that it will succeed, in order to envisage the shift in policy which it may necessitate—Russia

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will emerge from the communist night as the most powerful single business enterprise in the world. It will be impossible to trace costs of Russian production, to prevent dumping or to compete with such a concern, under present conditions. And Russia can make her trade relations the servant of her foreign policy, to a degree which is denied to the nations of the West.

The Russian riddle, therefore, is going to be the preoccupation of future economists. What answer we shall make to a Russia which has made a success of collective economics is as yet unknown. To such Marxian theologians as Dr. Scott Nearing, the answer is obvious: The world will imitate Russia, because it cannot otherwise compete. Others are not so sure.

Russian collectivism, if attained, will be at the cost of the elemental human liberties. Our attitude toward it will be vastly similar to our attitude toward slave-economics. While we may grant its pragmatic success, our answer will be a move in the direction of greater liberty in capitalistic society, of freer trade, of more unrestricted production, of greater liberty in the competition and combination of economic groups. The world's answer to the gigantic menace of Russian mass-economics, may be a move toward lower tariffs, elimination of narrow economic nationalism, repeal of restrictive economic measures and the establishment of a world area of freer trade to offset the establishment of a Russian area of arbitrary economics.

It was so with slavery—a system of economic production which offended the conscience of free nations. The only war fought to free the slaves was our Civil War, a rear-guard action to a movement which lasted the better part of a century. The real answer to slavery was the demonstration that freedom was economically superior. The world's reaction to collectivist superiority can only be a test of the merits of greater economic freedom. It is certain, however, that the present world, with its tariff wars, its protectionist groups, its economic nationalism, and its parochial beneficiaries, is not qualified to cope with the shadowy engine of economic production which is arising out of the red mists of Moscow. In our future dealings with the Marxian State, which shall it be—imitation or a return to economic first principles?

Your Ways Are Beautiful

Tonight,
The moon rides high
Above the passive clouds.
The world
Is made luminous
By her light.

You
Are beyond
All passivity.
Your quietude
Illuminates
My world.

MARY ELMA SMYTH.

IS ISLAM IMPREGNABLE?

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WOULD that I could have attended the Eucharistic Congress in North Africa this year! Nowhere could there be found a more fitting site for the gathering. Nowhere could you find a combination of landscape and history more profoundly suited to this modern challenge which the Church delivers, in the face of a world rapidly becoming pagan.

It is nearly thirty years since I first stood on that low famous hill which is now bare save for the monastery and its cathedral and the hotel beyond the lane, but which once bore the central temple of Baal, all the pomp of the Philistine worship of evil gods, and had round it for miles the palaces and high crowded houses of Carthage.

A man standing then on the temple roof, twenty-two centuries ago, would have seen at his feet the commercial capital of the ancient world: the great aristocratic republic invincible through sea power, and holding by its ships to the great colonies and dependencies beyond the waters it ruled. It had more wealth and more men, more millions in gold and in human beings than anything of the old world, from Palestine to the Atlantic. Its order was admired: the greatest of the philosophers had praised its constitution as a model for the rest of mankind. It had prospered without civil wars, without peril to its supremacy, for many hundreds of years. Within a lifetime it had wholly disappeared.

Before that lifetime it had felt the challenge of Rome, but it did not dream of final defeat. It challenged Rome again and all but destroyed her. But the tide turned, the great merchants and bankers of the earth saw their fleets destroyed and their armies defeated; and at last their city, left in subjection, was not even allowed to stand. It was sacked and burnt and wiped out.

There rearose upon that famous hill a new, Roman, Carthage, worshiping the gods of Rome and living the Roman life of games and arms, and here it was that the Catholic Church entered by one great gate to rule the world.

The province of which Carthage is the capital gave the Church great doctors, great martyrs, saw Catholicism strengthened until its triumph over paganism, saw the heresies rise within it, saw foreign heretics master it for a while, but remained strongly rooted until the Mohammedans swept in. Even then the decline was slow and remnants of Christian things endured for centuries.

But Carthage died away. The amphitheatre in which the martyrs had suffered, the fine basilica which had arisen over their tombs, the archiepiscopal see and its traditions were gone, stones of the mighty city were quarried for the new Mohammedan capital of Tunis beyond the lagoon. The hill of Carthage became the bare deserted thing which it remained until, within this generation, European control returned. Twice before Christendom had attempted, under St. Louis and under Charles V, to recover that land, and the second time it had almost succeeded; but it failed at last and Carthage remained alien and ruined.

For that glaring horizon of burnt untenanted land, the naked yellow sand on every side, the absence of life, are the work of Islam. Islam is the enemy of trees; it cuts down, it does not replant; and everywhere, in every countryside over which the tide of Islam flowed, not only in North Africa but in Sicily and Spain, the forests have disappeared and desert or steppe or the unbroken stretch of plowland without hedge or leaves have succeeded to them.

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But the presence of the Eucharistic Congress in Carthage suggests deeper and more disturbing thoughts. Here are we about to plant the new Christian challenge upon what has been for so many generations Mohammedan land.

Politically it is controlled from Europe, from what has been and may again become Christendom. But socially it is Mohammedan. It may be called the very core of Mohammedanism, for nowhere did that sudden tide of the seventh and eighth centuries make a cleaner sweep than between the Nile and the Atlantic. Nowhere was the original Christian population more thoroughly absorbed. In Egypt there are traces of the old Christian state, in Syria and Asia Minor and beyond the Bosphorus the subject Christian held his own, even in conquered Spain he gave his note to the land. But in Barbary it was not so. When the French landed 100 years ago there was not and had not been for six centuries a trace of Christian culture remaining. All was Islam.

Now the disquieting feature about Islam is this: that hitherto it has proved absolutely impermeable to the effect of Catholicism. The efforts made have been heroic and continuous, but these efforts have failed as absolutely today as they did 300 years ago.

I have always thought that on this problem might turn the fortunes of the Church in the distant future. The last of the European heresies is dying. One may almost say, of doctrinal Protestantism, that it is already dead though its mentality survives. But Islam is vigorously alive and everywhere resists the effect of the Faith absolutely. It began as a great heresy but it has developed into a separate religion. It commands a whole world of its own and throughout that world no one of the millions doubts that he possesses something spiritual superior to the hated religion of the West.

Against that mood we have hitherto effected nothing. Shall we ever effect anything against it, or will it remain indefinitely in the remote future the standing and invincible opponent of the truth?

Indian Pipes

Enriched with shadow,
Death has found
A spectral meadow
In this dim ground.

And here he grows
In the dust of night,
Like a ghostly rose
This saprophyte.

Though I like the tillage
Of fields of men,
I'd rather pillage
These fields now when

As from sepulchres
That have burst apart,
At the feet of the firs
These strange things start.

And with what cost
And struggle beneath;
In the darkness lost;
From the hands of death
They spring, almost
With luminous breath.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

COMMUNICATIONS

PROPOSAL FOR A COMMISSION

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In view of the probable advancement in price of commodities entering into the cost of living, provided the tariff bill becomes a law, and this increase being entirely out of proportion to the advance in rates, may I venture the suggestion of establishing in each state a Necessaries of Life Commission, with power to regulate prohibitive or exhorbitant prices, due to manipulation by commission agencies, or interests controlling the purchase and distribution of commodities?

The suggestion is not offered in a spirit of controversy, or for the purpose of criticizing legitimate business or an effort to obtain a profit consistent with a fair return on an investment, but rather to prevent speculative tendencies which will react on our element of people who can ill afford to pay speculative prices for the necessaries of life. Prohibitive prices in comparison to low wages or a degree of unemployment will further create the inclination toward criminal tendencies which in this age of unsettled conditions is rather to be discouraged. So let us practise in fact the spirit of the Golden Rule, by affording the necessary protection to our cosmopolitan people, in accordance with our constitution, by establishing a Necessaries of Life Commission to prevent unreasonable advances in living costs.

WM. H. BASTION.

"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal of May 28, the editor of the Homiletic Review, George W. Gilmore, commenting on the title of the Roman Catholic Church, rightly designates the Church as Roman Catholic. He is also right as to the legal title of the Orthodox Greek Catholic Church. Yes, there are many Catholic Churches that are not Roman. The seven original Christian Churches of Asia, which antedated the Roman Catholic Church, by many years, was Catholic but not Roman; also the Coptic and the ancient Armenian Churches are Catholic; not to speak of the Church of England.

I cannot understand why our good Catholic friends should object to their Church being referred to as Roman Catholic. The historic fact is that Pope Pius IV promulgating the decrees of the Council of Trent, November 13, 1564, solemnly designated his Church as the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church. So the term "Roman" is ecumenical and coming from the head of the Church should be official.

JOHN R. CODY.

THE KING'S RELIGION

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—After reading Denis Gwynn's article on The King's Religion I turned to the New York Herald Tribune of June 8 and read an account of the present status of the Irish Free State by Edward F. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts mentions how the Unionist party in Ireland opposed the establishment of the Free State and goes on to say that "the Unionists were almost entirely Protestant and unhappily the religious issue was always in evidence. One belief which kept their ranks militantly closed was that victory for the Nationalist party would mean the exclusion of Protestants from every post of trust or responsibility and the

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passage of discriminating and oppressive legislation against them."

The shattering of that belief by the tolerant and statesmanlike conduct of the Free State government has done more to win it the confidence and respect of the former Unionists than any other single fact. There is less discrimination against men because of their religious beliefs in Ireland today than there is in the United States, and on all sides there is a manifest desire to remove the ancient religious hostilities which wrought such incalculable harm in the past. The Free State party is overwhelmingly Catholic in its official membership but one of its most powerful leaders, Ernest Blythe, Minister of Finance, is a Presbyterian, and by birth a northerner.

HOWARD W. TONER.

MUNICIPAL RESTAURANTS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—To enable restaurant customers to eat better food at cheaper prices why not establish municipal restaurants? The amount of business handled by the restaurants is enormous. Poor people sometimes pay 50 percent of their salary as a budget for food. The food product could be standardized. Foods of better quality at cheaper prices could be sold. The commissary would be at big buildings where the baking and food preparation could be done on a big scale. With municipal restaurants the business could be highly standardized by the use of machinery too expensive for ordinary restaurants.

Labor could be on a six-hour schedule and paid a living wage. The present labor job with a twelve-hour day is too hard for many people. No one should be allowed to work in a restaurant without a health card. This is a health precaution.

The cost of food to the customer could be reduced. With pure food guaranteed by the city, the health saving might be enormous, thus reducing doctor and hospital bills.

Pure food, sanitary services, better wages and reduced expenses and a shorter work day for employees, these should be the standards of municipal restaurants.

HYMAN WATER.

A PLEA FOR PARACHUTES

Juneau, Alaska.

TO the Editor:—I am a secular priest of the Vicariate-Apostolic of Alaska, and last fall was commissioned by Bishop Crimont to enter training in aviation and to raise sufficient funds for the purpose of a plane for our mission in the far North.

Although I have for some time held a commercial pilot's license, I have had great difficulty in raising any funds for the airplane. His Eminence Cardinal Hayes and Bishop Molloy have contributed generously towards the fund, and I hope by many small contributions to be able to raise the remainder. One of these items includes the purchase of two parachutes or "life-savers of the air," one for the passenger-priest I may carry, and the other for myself. Each parachute retails at $350. If any reader or readers of The Commonweal will donate or aid towards the donation of one or both of these, I shall certainly appreciate their coöperation in this holy project for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

REV. GEORGE H. WOODLEY.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Movietone Follies

THE New Movietone Follies of 1930 are not—as one might suspect—presentations of stars in the manner of King of Jazz. A combination between play and musical comedy, they offer, in the conventional gray and white, modest and sprightly entertainment with a sprinkling of reasonably good wise-cracks.

What they do illustrate is the great technical freedom which the screen permits in the structure of a story. These Follies begin as a fairly trite story of the rich young man in love with a musical comedy star. The first half of the picture has only dialogue. Then, by a twist of the plot, the entire musical comedy company is brought to a country estate for a benefit performance. Here, freed from the conventional theatre settings, several of the musical show numbers are run through merrily. The nearest approach we have seen to this method on the legitimate stage was Burlesque, which, under Arthur Hopkins's skilled guidance, successfully presented scenes from a musical review within the structure of a play. But to make this possible, the audience had to be reasonably accomodating and imagine itself as two separate audiences. The screen method avoids this, and keeps the audience's viewpoint constant. It is this greater logic inherent in screen method, as shown in symptomatic flashes, which promises the most for future development.

Because of a number of sympathetic comments, such as this, on the new talking screen, I have been asked whether I have actually become a "convert" to the screen as against the stage. The answer is decidedly no—if we are to measure the screen solely by present productions. What I am endeavoring to do during these transition months in talking-screen development is to pick out, from this film and that, certain points significant of future promise. There has been too much wholesale condemnation of the "talkies," based solely on the obvious crudities of present methods. It is easy enough to say that the voices often reproduce harshly, that a great part of the dialogue is banal and pointless, that many of the actors have incomparably poorer diction than those trained in stage traditions, and that many of the plays based on good stage originals are sadly butchered to meet the level of the "movie mind." But that is very much like estimating the future utility of the automobile from the performance and break-downs of the early two cylinder horseless carriages.

Mechanical improvement was naturally the first concern of the automobile makers. Beauty of design and passenger comfort came only after the main mechanical difficulties had been mastered. The talking pictures, right now, are more concerned with mechanical experiment, and with discovering their own scope, than with refinements of the showmaster's art. A year from now—and certainly within two years—we shall be seeing more and more evidences of distinguished effort on the screen, more pictures of the calibre of Disraeli, Journey's End and All Quiet on the Western Front. We shall see some of the imaginative flashes of King of Jazz projected into folk-lore tales, stories of the giants for young people, and the Wagnerian operas. Even the stories of some of the Greek tragedies would lend themselves well to a double plane treatment of men and gods. We shall also see the movie producers, forced by the necessities of dialogue, granting more and more rights to the skilled creative author.

The really important thing, then, is to catch, even in a mediocre film, such as the Movietone Follies, those features which suggest lines of future progress and a further emancipation from the rigid limits of theatrical technique. This emphatically does not imply any unbounded enthusiasm for the current screen product, nor any loss of affection for what the older theatre can do when intelligently handled.

By-Products of the Movies

IT IS about time to break a lance in defense of the gaudy trappings which surround motion picture presentation in our larger palaces. Ballets and symphony orchestras have, strictly speaking, nothing to do with the movies. But an entire entertainment industry has grown up around the screen which, for weal or woe, is having its effect upon hundreds of thousands of patrons. To the austere lover of art, the symphonic medleys and the tinseled ballets take rank among the major atrocities of our times. Yet—in all earnestness—I cast a hearty vote in favor of them.

Taking the music first—under what other circumstances could 6,000 persons, not of the erstwhile music-loving class, be persuaded to attend a performance of a Wagnerian overture? Thousands of persons, daily, are discovering that Tchaikowsky is not a name to inspire terror or boredom, that Wagner can be more richly inspiring even than Irving Berlin, that Debussy can cast a spell, that Cesar Franck can evoke majesty even in the heart of a dry-goods clerk. What if the spotlights do play on the back of the orchestra leader, what if red, purple and violet lights do weave across the curtained background, what if charlatanism does pop out in the overplaying of the brasses and drums? If, with all this, a slow education is proceeding, a complex against "classical" music is being removed, an intimacy with the finer emotions of the great composers is being achieved, then the price of a little cheap showmanship is rather small to pay for the result reached.

The other day, I sat in one of these vast palaces and witnessed a condensed version of Carmen. The visual effect was rather like a Christmas tree, the singing, except for the guest star, was not above the grade of a small Italian city. But the rapt attention of a huge audience—not 200 of whom had probably ever ventured through the doors of the Metropolitan—was something to arrest one's thoughts. Less than fifteen years ago, hardly one in that audience would have cared to hear anything more profound than a version of The Pink Lady.

The same process is going on in the ballet and the dance. Again it is only fifteen years since Pavlova and her Russian ballet were popularly regarded as "high brow." Really enjoyable dancing meant the pink tights and fringed skirts of the ancient ballet in some such environment as The Soul Kiss. Today, hundreds of thousands have learned to enjoy plastic dancing of the highest order. If movie revenues have served to endow this sort of education, it is high time to give credit where it is due.

The Social Lion

THE chief reason for writing about The Social Lion is Jack Oakie. This young man is a product of the talking movie, and a credit to the medium. To put it mildly, he is a personality. He is also an actor. He is, furthermore, an artist—one whose comedy sense would not be complete without audible speech. His characterization is superficially obvious, but underscored with a subtlety all too rare on either stage or screen. Even his wise-cracks are delivered with a precision of timing and emphasis which few Broadway stars possess. If you want to see real distinction in commonplace disguise—remember Jack Oakie.

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BOOKS

Denouncing Dr. Watson

Behaviorism: A Battle Line; edited by William Peter King. Nashville: The Cokesbury Press. $2.25.

THIS book is a symposium to which seventeen writers have contributed their opinions concerning behaviorism. Fifteen of the authors are Protestants (as far as one may judge), most of them teachers in state and Protestant universities; one (Dr. Centner, of the Pontifical College Josephinum) a Catholic; and one (Rabbi Julius Mark, of Nashville) a Jew. Several of the contributors, notably Dr. McDougall, Dr. Sanborn, Dr. Finney and Bishop McConnell, are nationally known in their fields. The papers are loosely gathered under three heads: The General Principles of Behaviorism; Behaviorism and Value; Behaviorism and Metaphysics.

A book of this type necessarily suffers from a certain amount of repetition; after having read McDougall's paper, the reader is annoyed to find the other writers leaning so heavily on McDougall, and so on. Barring this fault, and a strong fundamentalist tone in several of the papers, the book is an able presentation of the objections to behaviorism, both historical and scientific. McDougall spoils a good paper by entitling it, The Psychology They Teach in New York. This paper is especially good for its data concerning the refutation of Thorndike's theory of learning by Dr. D. K. Adams, of Yale University. Josiah Morse contributes a very strong historical introduction.

As might be expected, the authors emphasize the moral (or immoral) implications of Watson's doctrine, and since the book is an attack, they may be excused if they have nothing very solid to offer in its place. A number of the papers indicate briefly the antidote furnished by the Gestalt doctrines. One and all, they agree that as chiropractic has been called the first six weeks of medicine, so behaviorism may justly be called the first six weeks of psychology.

FRANK WHALEN.

The Humors Restored

Kindness in a Corner, by T. F. Powys. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

T. F. Powys is one of the few contemporary English writers whose work is likely to be taken seriously when we are dead and most of what we have praised forgotten: he has restored the humors to English literature. His first novel, Mr. Weston's Good Wine, was, in spite of its almost naive soliciting of the imagination, a very important book. Kindness in a Corner is still more important; its proportions are more just and simple, and its world of humors more coherent. Our way of life is not so easy that we can accept the humors in their original—that is reformatory, two-dimensional—shape. Mr. Powys's work has been to translate them to another world, independent of ours because it offers no comment upon ours, where their life and meaning, their originality, their third dimension, depend entirely upon the consistency of their relationship to each other. The most remarkable events, therefore—a bishop disguised as a witch, the village saint catching minnows in the river—can only surprise the reader *without*, but are taken for granted by the character *within*.

This story of English Dorset has two themes: the temptation of Mr. Dottery, vicar of Tadnol, who is the humor of spiritual kindness, by his servant-maid who is the humor of earthly

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kindness; and the assault upon Mr. Dottery of unkindness in the shape of a neighboring canon and his wife. Kindness prevails: it is the pagan humor, the humor of an earthy world. In such a world the real enemy is Canon Dibben, the humor of puritan morality, who, fetching his stupidity from *our* world, and searching the innocent Mr. Dottery's study for evidence of a red-haired girl with green garters, comes to merited disaster among the fish-hooks in his neighbor's cupboard.

Mr. Powys does not affect the allegory or the satire; his English country humors have nothing whatsoever to do with English country manners; his rustics offer their daughters to their vicar, his Anglican clergy forget all about confirmation day, or offer a sacrifice of pigeons according to Leviticus; but neither religion nor decency are offended. For nothing in the world he creates can offend so long as it conforms to the peculiar logic of that world. But he has a certain ingenuity, fancy, call it what you will—something that disperses his imagination at the moment when it should be most concentrated, and in occasional speech or action does violence to his characters and the world they live in. It is this that hurts, not our morality(which only responds to more important attacks) but our sense of values. And when he has rid himself of this, he will write the perfect novel of humors: an event of major importance as far as the growth of the novel is concerned. We have something to look foward to.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

Anthology of Americans

Contemporanei Nord-Americani, by Igino Giordani. Turin: Societa Editrice Internazionale. 12 Lire.

DURING a stay in the United States, which he visited as a member of the staff of the Vatican Library, Count Giordani sought to obtain information regarding Catholic literary activity. The present anthology is the result. It contains selected essays excellently translated into Italian, as well as an introduction and supplementary notes. One hopes that the book will interest many in the land of Dante, and also that some of the charitable sympathy for new world conditions manifested by the author will prove contagious and thus instrumental in promoting Catholic cordiality. From our American point of view the book is a precious compliment. Signor Giordani concedes that not all his geese are swans, but hopes the volume may convey an impression of the virility with which Catholics are now attacking cultural problems in the United States. His own interpetation of the national scene is shrewd and entertaining.

Particular attention is paid to three groups of writers: the hierarchy of the last generation, represented by Cardinals Gibbons and Ireland; the outstanding scholars of the Catholic University, particularly Fathers John A. Ryan, Edward A. Pace and Peter Guilday; and the contributors to The Commonweal, in which Signor Giordani discerned the organ of that "Catholic Action" which has been urged so strongly by the Holy Father. Twenty-seven authors are represented. We are not a little proud of the circumstance that so much of the work done by our editors and contributors is here offered to the Italian public as a sample of what we are attempting to do. In still another way this anthology is a source of gratification. It nails the persistent rumor that Italian Catholics are bitterly opposed to the spirit of America. This book breathes affection and cordial interest, remaining always both scholarly and human.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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Fanciful Wisdom

Goods and Chattels, by Laura Benet. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.00.

DO YOU always keep a butterfly? Or do you rent eyes? In two tales of penetrating analysis and delicate satire woven into the tissue of a highly fanciful realism, Miss Laura Benet points to the wisdom of the one practice and the folly of the other. "Never rent eyes," she warns us; but do, by all means, "Always keep a butterfly." The gentle reader will be well repaid if he makes an effort to learn why.

These imaginative studies from life are among the fifteen legends and tales to be found in Laura Benet's Goods and Chattels. Near-allegory, adventure and a touch of magic half conceal a satirically shrewd moral; for Miss Benet is as persistent a moralist as was Hawthorn, but in her woman's hands the moral takes the form of a bit of yeast hidden in three measures of meal. She is Hawthornesque, likewise, in her predilection for the preternatural, some of her tales, such as The Harvest, being positively uncanny. Others, like the Magic Balloon, and The Lake and the Mountain, are pure fairy-lore, while the concluding lines of The Girl Who Wanted a Career, are suggestive enough of Miss Benet herself to justify quoting:

"Suddenly she saw her career come out of the woods. She knew this time that it was hers. In the shape of a shadowy little fawn it stood beside her and motioned for her to get on its back."

It is on the back of the shadowy fawn that Laura Benet scampers off into enchanted lands; but she rarely fails to carry along her own twentieth-century self.

Enjoyment of Miss Benet's Goods and Chattels should entice the reader to secure her recently published Noah's Dove, a book of lyrics characterized by the fine qualities of her legends.

SISTER MARY CANISIUS.

One of the Giants

The Trough of the Wave, by Olav Duun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A GREEN and rugged island of delight awaits the wayfarer on the uncertain seas of literature who comes upon Olav Duun's first book to be translated from the Norwegian for American readers. Truly the man who cast together this cosmos is one of the giants; real, life-sized lusty people walk in the palm of his hand and he surveys them with a curious and kindly eye. His compatriots Knut Hamsun and Sigrid Undset have this same spaciousness and naturalness of view. It is realism that makes all the other ism's seem frail and ineffective and self-conscious by comparison. And above all, as might be expected, it is healthy realism, admixed of good and evil, like life; not the unrelieved frightfulness so many of those who miscall themselves realists pour over in print.

The story portrays two brothers who seek to carry on the proud unbelief of their fathers, unbelief on the one hand in the benevolent God of Christianity, and unbelief on the other hand in the old pagan ill-omens and placating magic and horrible "things that go bump in the night." It is for this reviewer the perfect illustration of the narrowness of the creed of unbelief, the torturing, mentally incestuous, isolating belief in unbelief, held to be heroism by its protagonists but in fact futile and unkind egotism. This however is only one of the book's facets —one that perhaps would be most interesting to Catholic readers. It has many, it has depth, it is rich, rich as life. The reader who begins it begins an adventure.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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Briefer Mention

The Secret History of Henrietta, Princess of England; Memoirs of the Court of France, by Madame de la Fayette; translation with an introduction by J. M. Shelmerdine. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.75.

IT WAS a happy thought to reprint this translation of one of the most interesting books of Memoirs in old France The volume is fascinating from the first line of it, to the last. It is written in the beautiful language of the seventeenth century, where every word is used in the right place, and where no expression is ever misplaced. What it has to say is related simply, and humanly, and life, real life, with its petty as well as its great side, oozes out of its contents, all through the story. The people about whom Madame de la Fayette writes are all of them living people, differentiated among themselves not by places but by persons, people who can love, intrigue, hate or avenge themselves in a human, natural way. The attractive figure of the Princess Henrietta, the wife of Philippe d'Orléans, the more than despicable brother of Louis XIV, is presented to us not only in a charming but also in a true light. We see her such as she was, with her frailties, weaknesses, feminine coquetry and love of admiration, but at the same time with her sincerity, love for her family and keen political sense. Madame de la Fayette although herself so attached to "Madame," as the daughter of Charles I was called at the court of France, does not want us to become attracted toward her on account of what she tells us about her, but seeks to awaken in us affection for this fascinating Princess, by persuading us that she deserves to inspire it.

Types of World Literature; edited by Percy Hazen Houston and Robert Metcalf Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

IT HAS not escaped the attention of anthology makers and users that there exists a definite relation between the scope of a given collection and the college literature course normally based upon it. The present volume is the most extensive and discursive we have seen. It aims to represent all the types of composition and all the major literatures. The selections range, therefore, from samples of the Iliad to the Communist Manifesto. Most of the material is interesting and valuable, even if the translations might occasionally have been chosen with more care. One wonders, however, just what the educational effect of such a volume is likely to be. Will it merely add to the student's knowledge or will it help to convey a loving understanding of the literary life?

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